

The Sun

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15, 1911.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month..... \$5.00
 DAILY, Per Year..... 50.00
 SUNDAY, Per Year..... 2.00
 DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year..... 52.00
 DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month..... 4.33
 Postage to foreign countries added.
 All checks, money orders, etc., to be made payable to THE SUN.

Published by The Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President of the Association, Edward P. Mitchell, 170 Nassau street; Treasurer of the Association, M. P. Lufkin, 170 Nassau street; Secretary of the Association, D. W. Quinn, 170 Nassau street.

London office, Edinburg House, 1 Arundel street, Strand. The daily and Sunday Sun are on sale in London at the American and Colonial Exchange, Carlton street, near St. James's Park, and at the Daily and Sunday Sun, 17 Green street, Charing Cross Road.

Paris office, 32 Rue Louis le Grand. The daily and Sunday editions are on sale at Kiosque 12, near the Grand Hotel, Kiosque 7, Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opera, and Kiosque 19, Boulevard des Halles, corner Rue Louis le Grand.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have their articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

Mr. Shepard and Mr. Sheehan.

This is from our neighbor the *Evening Post* with regard to the Senatorial contest in its last and acutest stage:

"As for the advocates of Mr. SHEPARD's election, there is every reason for them to press on without thought of surrender or compromise."

It occurs to us that on the part of some of the advocates of Mr. SHEPARD's election there has been a little too much pressing on without thought. We do not refer to those advocates of Mr. SHEPARD's election who have rested their case on the sufficient ground of his superior fitness for the post, or to those who have insisted that no other available Democrat combined in the same degree the qualities demanded by an exceptional situation and an unprecedented opportunity for the party in the nation. The pressing on without thought has been done by those advocates of Mr. SHEPARD's election who have attempted in their excitement and zeal to promote his cause by violent attacks on the political record and personal worthiness of his principal competitor, Mr. SHEPARD's principal competitor has happened to be Mr. WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, an honorable man and a Democrat who has a perfect right to aspire to a seat in the United States Senate or to any other office. This deadly sort of friendship seems likely to do its work in the usual way, but it would be unfair to blame Mr. SHEPARD for its manifestations, or, indeed, to put the heavy responsibility on the backs of any of Mr. SHEPARD's more judicious supporters.

THE SUN begs leave to observe that the issue so sharply drawn at Albany on the eve of the Senatorial caucus is in no sense an issue between merit and unworthiness or between fitness and incompetency, or a question of party credit or party disgrace. It is rather to be regarded as an issue between two distinct policies or philosophies of Democratic progress. Mr. SHEPARD represents that idea of party growth which depends largely on accessions from without, recruits won by the superior appeal of character to the independent or opposition vote. Mr. SHEEHAN stands for the idea of progress through the strengthening of the Democracy's interior organization. Both views of policy are reasonable and respectable, and will always seem so to everybody except in the heat of a conflict exacerbated by unnecessary and unjust personalities.

The Soul of the University.

While the American universities are turning to the practical and materialistic in the subjects they teach and in their methods, and when prosperity and large numbers are eliminating the chief benefit that the old college course conferred, it is interesting to find the most utilitarian and least sentimental of institutions, the University of London, endeavoring to create and foster the spirit of fellowship and loyalty to the university among its graduates and its students. It is striving to establish for that purpose "residential halls," where they may meet and live together.

For over half a century the University of London performed a useful public service admirably. It was an examining body pure and simple. It recognized scholastic attainment, however acquired, justly and scientifically, and at no time, except in the examination room, did it come into contact with its students, nor did these with each other. They could work as they pleased, at home by themselves, in the museums and libraries, or in schools, and when they were ready to pass the requirements set by the university for a degree, they presented themselves for examination. It was the individual pursuit of science, freed as much as possible from human association with teacher or schoolmate. That important function the University of London still exercises.

As a practical and economic necessity, however, many students frequented institutions where they could be fitted properly; first the non-sectarian University College, started by hard-headed Scotchmen like CARLYLE and BROTHMAN, from which the university sprang, and the King's College, for those who were more religious; then other colleges and institutions that the university recognized. The professors could not be kept from teaching, but that was done unofficially in the subsidiary colleges until a dozen years ago, when the university recognized its duty to teach and formally accepted it. London has now, in that respect, become a university of the character of Oxford or Cambridge, Harvard or Yale.

It is situated, however, in a great city, and its professors and students live at home, scattered all over the town, as is the case with Columbia and other

city colleges. The university finds that teaching and examination is not enough; that it needs a living together, a thinking and striving together; places where graduates and students may meet. It proposes to erect dormitories, not after the American idea, for undergraduates, but for graduates and such students as they shall admit to their companionship, so as to create the scholarly atmosphere that Oxford and Cambridge derive from their resident Fellows. The women's colleges have something of the sort, and it seems that there are little unofficial colonies of graduates in London flats already.

The step to housing students together does not seem far from this. With it perhaps may come the bond which still keeps college spirit alive in America, participation in athletic sports. We may yet see a University of London crew competing with the two older universities, and possibly may hear a London University yell. At any rate, London has awakened to the fact that the rubbing together of youthful minds is as much a part of university work as the acquisition of knowledge.

Secrets of Yildiz Kiosk.

When the Young Turks took possession of Yildiz Kiosk they found a mass of delations, reports and correspondence that had been collected during the twenty-five years of ABDUL HAMID's reign through the industry of his spies and agents. They were turned over to a commission for classification and arrangement, and an examination revealed so many evidences and records of corruption and intrigue by Turkish officials that only a few of the papers were made public and the whole accumulation was stored in some 300 chests among Turkish archives. ABDUL HAMID's part in these secrets of the Yildiz is not, however, so carefully guarded under the new Government. Most interesting of the revelations are the hitherto unpublished documents furnished the *Fortnightly Review* by C. CHRYSAPHIDES and RENE LARA.

According to an approximate calculation made by the commission, the value of the treasure found at Yildiz amounted to a hundred or a hundred and twenty million francs. From note books and account books it was discovered that the total sums placed by ABDUL HAMID in the banks of London, Paris and Berlin would amount to several millions of pounds. He had amassed a huge fortune during his long reign. He had no fixed civil list, and he helped himself plentifully from the State Treasury. He was a thorough man of business, administering the dominions of the Crown with exemplary order. But it is a curious fact that he had no confidence in the administrative capacity of the Turks, always entrusting the management of his affairs to Armenians. "It was always an Armenian whom he appointed Minister of the Civil List."

Yildiz Kiosk was a creation of ABDUL HAMID, the two palaces of Dalma Baghche and Tekerhan, situated on the coast and liable to be hemmed in on all sides in case of a plot or revolution, did not present sufficient security in his eyes. At the time of his accession Yildiz was a single cottage surrounded by a park.

ABDUL HAMID bought an immense extent of ground around the old park, surrounded it with walls, and built within it several palaces, kiosks, houses, offices, galleries, towers, menageries, aviaries, a theatre, and workshops; he had lakes hollowed out, on which he went in an electric boat, and a secret subterranean passage which led to the palace of Tekerhan, on the Bosphorus. All these buildings, so dissimilar in form, architecture and purpose, formed a huge labyrinth of lobbies, mysterious passages, secret doors in the wall, traps, obliques, rooms without apparent entrance, the existence of which no one but he could see, suspected. And for thirty-three years there lived in this "unspeakable" Yildiz, fed, lodged and fattened at the expense of the Sultan, 5,000 persons: palace dignitaries, secretaries, eunuchs, slaves, women of the harem, eunuchs, cooks, gardeners, astrologers, diviners, hoidis, grooms, coachmen, waiters, prestidigitators, jesters, slaves, artisans, staff of every kind, good for nothing of all sorts, familiars of "the word and the deed."

ABDUL HAMID was suspected and is still suspected by a great number of Turks and of foreign nations of having spread the report that his brother was mad in order to seize the throne, and of having consigned him to a living death in the depths of a palace. The most conclusive proof of HAMID's mental incapacity is that shown by the records that he was able to live twenty-one years after his deposition.

"There is no other example in the history of Turkey of a Sultan having lost the throne and preserved his life so long. It must have been that he was mad, for a madman is considered by the Muslims as an almost sacred being: to make away with him would be a crime."

ABDUL HAMID's life was a regular one of work and care unbroken in the annuals of the Sultaneat. The Yildiz was connected with the central telegraph station so that he could communicate at any hour with the governors of provinces, commandants of the army and representatives of Turkey abroad. He often kept his ministers at the palace until all hours of the night. If a great fire broke out at night in Constantinople he awoke at the first cannon shot that gave the signal, and from his window would follow its course with a lorgnette.

"As long as the fire lasted the Sultan would not go to bed, and thus it might happen that he would not sleep all night. The next day he would send to inquire into the condition of the victims, sending them tents to shelter in, bread, covering, money, and giving orders that they should be taken care of."

The most monstrous crime of which he was accused was that of the murder of a six-year-old child, the daughter of a slave in the harem. "This is given as the precise account:

"One day he entered the harem sadder and more anxious than ever, placed his revolver on a small table, sat down in an arm chair and called the little one to him. She was fortunate enough to escape this Turk with her laughter and pranks. But in an unhappy moment the child went up to the table, and perceiving the revolver with its shining barrel took it for some sort of plaything, and seizing it ran to the Sultan to ask what it was. With one bound ABDUL HAMID sprang on the child, exclaiming: 'You want to kill me! You are the instrument of my enemies!' And the monster began to strike and kick the child. As he struck his fury increased. He seized a

stick and set upon the poor little thing. When they carried her away she was dead."

The massacre of the Armenians is proved to have been carefully planned by members of the Sultan's immediate entourage, who wished by one blow to rid themselves of the Armenian element. The Sultan listened unmoved to the cries of the unfortunate people and received hourly reports of the wholesale murders. Order was restored only when the ambassadors of the great Powers, assembled at Therapia, sent a despatch to the palace informing the Sultan that if the massacre did not immediately cease his throne would be in danger.

The part played by Germany at Constantinople and the relation that existed between the Sultan and Emperor WILLIAM have been matters of numerous commentaries in consequence of the correspondence discovered among the papers at the Yildiz Kiosk. The idea of an alliance between a Mussulman Government and a Protestant State came:

"First from Prince BISMARCK, who saw all the advantages to be gained for German policy by it. The Emperor WILLIAM eagerly fell in with it, and his desire to gain the sympathy and confidence of the Sultan was so keen that he favored one of ABDUL HAMID's most important diplomatic successes. In the following circumstances:

When, for the first time, the Emperor manifested his desire to go to Constantinople, the Sultan, seeing only the dangers he might be obliged to incur in consequence of the official duties in which the Kaiser's visit would involve him, immediately informed WILLIAM that he had no intention of ever leaving his kingdom; he would not return his Imperial guest's visit, and, moreover, added that it would be impossible for him to consent to meet him on his arrival on board his yacht, as is customary, but that he would confine himself to awaiting the Emperor and Empress at the landing stage of the Dolma-Bagiche Palace."

WILLIAM unhesitatingly accepted these conditions and found compensation for the slights to his dignity that had been imposed upon him.

The condition of disorder in which the commission found the Sultan's rooms, the money and valuable objects thrown hastily into sacks and money bags, indicated that ABDUL HAMID, hearing of the arrival of the troops from Salonica, was preparing to fly. He could easily have done so; he had time and he could have gone on a foreign boat in the harbor or have found one to take him to sea and out of danger. He did not do so, because he still hoped to remain on the throne by accepting the conditions that the Young Turks would impose. "For him, to reign was everything; to remain in Yildiz was a chance of one day recovering his former authority."

The Modern City.

Many literary artists of rank have been stirred to creative effort by the stimulating influence which the modern city exercises upon the imagination. The iconography through which they have attempted to visualize their impressions has often been brilliant and technically admirable, but it has rarely evoked any feeling of sympathetic familiarity. It has commonly personified the external, graceless aspects of the city in huge, grotesque forms endowed with blind power, coarseness, greed and cruelty. Even so thorough a student and delightful a man of letters as FREDERICK HARRISON, who makes us feel at home in the beauty and unity of the ancient city, depicts the modern city as a monstrous, oppressive, paralyzing bulk, a disease of civilization.

Most of us feel instinctively that the prevailing conception of the city in the literature of the day is an artificial product of conventional aesthetic traditions. Our experience has led us to perceive no more of unvarying malevolence in the city than in the country. On the contrary it has kept ever young in us the sense of wonder, of keen expectation, of lively enjoyment which contact with the great affairs of life give even to the humblest camp follower. Our emotions are probably very much the same as those of the barbarian adventurers who descended upon imperial Rome; and if these wholesome manifestations of vitality are never wholly displaced by morbid visions of futility and disappointment, the modern city must be in reality something quite different from the distorted image mirrored forth in literature.

The truth of this conjecture is evidenced by the host of letters reminiscent of older New York which have been appearing of late in THE SUN. The letters are an unconscious tribute to the glamour of sentiment wrought by the great town in eager, sympathetic minds. What these oldsters remember is not the external ugliness of the city, but the glimpses of loveliness and romance which they caught in gas lit Broadway and in forgotten theatres, the glow of friendship over the wine in congenial restaurants, the admiration for athletic prowess in volunteer fire companies. The reminiscences furnish proof of humorous tolerant affection for a town which is perhaps not altogether so beautiful or artistic as it should be. Yet evidently even they do not tell the whole story, for they do not explain the downright arrogance of pride which the writers manifestly feel merely in being New Yorkers.

The Emancipation of Oscar.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN is once more in New York, but only as a visitor. He has set out to conquer London. He carries with him the best wishes of his New York admirers, but their hope for his foreign triumph is tempered by the reflection that the better he does abroad the less will New York see of him. The thought that he may be lost altogether to this public has suggested to some minds the scheme of liberating him from the bonds which allow him to exercise his genius in London, but keep him inactive in this town. Can't he be freed from the chains which for a large consideration he allowed the Metropolitan Opera Company to tie about his busy hands? Perhaps it could be done by a popular subscription. Everybody should be allowed to contribute. School children might give five cents. To millions would be allowed perfect freedom as to the extent of their contribution. Nothing would be accepted from opera singers.

Without them there would assuredly

be money enough to free OSCAR if somebody would only open the subscriptions to the fund. Then it could be handed over to the Metropolitan Opera Company and OSCAR could come back. Once again West Thirty-fourth street would take on that rosy glow in the evenings that looked as if the western sun were sinking to its rest somewhere east of Eighth avenue instead of by the Palisades. Then would the impresario once more appear on the stage to answer the wild plaudits of audiences which thought that an incomplete performance indeed which did not bring the manager before the footlights. Are all these joys really gone forever? Perish the thought! Open the subscription!

Three hundred years ago the authorized version of the Bible, which KING JAMES I. had ordered to be made, was completed and published. If anniversaries are to be observed, this one surely should be by all English speaking people, for no book in any tongue has ever influenced language and literature as that has. The compilers modestly and wisely kept hidden, so that the only name attached to it is that of the monarch who directed that the work should be done. In England it has been suggested, therefore, that the event be commemorated by erecting a statue of KING JAMES in some public place.

A more dignified and more reverent memorial, we imagine, will be desired by Protestants and lovers of English alike. Even Stuart legitimists and foes of tobacco can hardly regard KING JAMES as a type of the ideal ruler. But there are kings in London, no doubt, of worse kind than the Stuart king in Christendom, and time and tolerance have softened into memory of Stuart blunders and follies that would hardly excuse setting up his grotesque image now to mark the great event in English history which he patronized.

The winners in an oratorical contest between high school boys, held the other night at Columbia University, spoke on the following subjects: "The Message of Tolstoy," "Child Slavery" and "A Plea for the Short Ballot." Life is real! Life is earnest! Social study is its goal.

TRIANGULAR DINNERS.

The Base and Probably Baseless Complaint of a Selfish Bachelor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—No acute or chronic complaint of the heart of our society than happily married young couples inflict every evening on unfortunates bachelors. You are invited to dine with a charming young couple that you barely know, and you are slightly surprised at first to find no fourth person there, but lulled by the progress of a well served dinner forget the torture to come. Even during the dinner there are premonitions of danger, for you soon find that you are expected to do all the talking, and course after course is wheeled in, and you feel that you are almost untouched, while the flow of eloquence continues. The husband and wife do full justice to their excellent repast and for the moment enjoy themselves. Dinner over, you retire to the library, everything is to be quite as usual, the pretty housewife informs you; the husband produces cigars, the wife takes up one of those pieces of fancy work with which young matrons like to convey an impression of easy proficiency in domestic art, and you feel that the dinner is a well deserved rest.

Now the third degree begins. If there were another girl there, just any young female person to whom the wife would be obliged to address an idea now and then, or the husband sit up and show that he was actually awake, anything but the horrible rigidity of this domestic triangle! The triangles they write about in plays are nothing to it. Husband and wife are on their own ground. A subtle, clairvoyant understanding exists between them, in which each of the outsider's remarks is quickly weighed and subjected to a lightning exchange of glances as mysterious as wireless, and a thousand times more terrifying. The husband's duty is to be quite as usual, the pretty housewife informs you; the husband produces cigars, the wife takes up one of those pieces of fancy work with which young matrons like to convey an impression of easy proficiency in domestic art, and you feel that the dinner is a well deserved rest.

You have long ago completed the entire story of your life, yet it isn't time to go. The fourth person is not coming. The wife looks up from her fancy work with a patronizing smile as if to say, "Go on, little fellow, don't you know your duty?" You have long ago completed the entire story of your life, yet it isn't time to go. The fourth person is not coming. The wife looks up from her fancy work with a patronizing smile as if to say, "Go on, little fellow, don't you know your duty?"

At last, somehow, you do come again. "We hope you'll come soon again, it's been so nice," and stagger into the night, only to find that the wife has been waiting for you to come back.

I have just founded the Society for the Prevention of Triangular Dinners. ELEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.

The Men of Yesterday.

From an article by Mrs. Maurice Lee in the National.

It is a curious thing that the two men who so long dominated their parties are now out of touch with them. Mr. Roosevelt has stepped out of the limelight following the minority instead of the majority that it once was. Mr. Bryan deludes himself with the idea that he is still able to exercise power, but no one else is deluded. The men who were in control of their States, and constitute the new force in Democratic politics, are not under the influence of Mr. Bryan, nor will they be ruled by him. Mr. Bryan will always be an interesting figure and will have the personal respect of every one who knows his good qualities, his sincerity and his zeal, but he need no longer be regarded as a political figure of the first order. He will no longer dominate national conventions. He will no longer be able to prevent the election of a man to whom he opposes. He has ruled his party for fourteen years, but now his reign is over.

Spring Fever.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—To any one who has once been to the great man of the North, a dreary disease. Those persons who spend their vacations at a fashionable hotel or touring the country in an automobile may say that there is no such thing as spring fever, but they are wrong. Spring fever is a real thing. It is a disease which attacks a person when winter first begins to show signs of breaking up, and as the green grass commences to sprout and the leaves unfold, the lover of the "silent places" feels both a hand gripping him and a voice calling him toward some mountain lake or stream. Business becomes a fearful grind, for the figures or letters before one's eyes fade into a rushing river of silent trails. One even envies the "lumberjacks" of the North, for they are at least in the open forest. The theatres, clubs and restaurants become an aggregating bore. One must have the physician of the country to set their minds to work to find a cure for this fatal disease, as one afflicted with a serious attack would and find the cure in the warm waters of the North. G. M. PORTSMOUTH, Pa., January 14.

OLDER MANHATTAN.

Chelsea.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Are any of the old residents of Chelsea, Sixteenth ward, living? If so let us hear something about the West side of the city of New York. I remember Moore's Hill, bounded by Ninth and Tenth avenues and Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets. The mansion at the corner of the street, about midway between the avenues. I also remember when the London Terrace on Twenty-third street was built. The flower gardens were in charge of a Spanish gardener, and he took pleasure in showing the various specimens of choice plants to visitors.

Do any of the old boys remember stuffering Dave Dunn, who kept the boathouse foot of Twenty-fourth Street, North River, where you could hire a rowboat of an afternoon, and over to the Hoboken meadows, catch a good number of crabs, go on shore to the old Bolivar House, kept by Pop Stephens, eat bolivars and drink root beer, and row back to the city in time for supper?

Do any of the old boys remember the Chelsea Manor rooms, Ninth avenue and Twenty-fifth, kept by Bill Butler? Almost any night you could see boxing matches, rat baiting, dog fights or walking matches, and on Sundays you could go to Sunday school in the same rooms. How about the oyster and clam pedler, with a yoke across his shoulders, and a tin pail suspended from each end? His cry was:

Oysters, fine Rockaway clams. They are good to stew, good to fry And good to make a clam potpie.

And Chelsea Hook and Ladder Company 2, at the pride of Eighth avenue. What a sight it was to see the truck pulling down the avenue of a Sunday afternoon going west, the fire in the Third district, the ropes manned by such fellows as Steve and Billy Mitchell, Big John Brown, Big Willie, Wild Geary, and John Henney as foreman and Bill Joyce as tillerman.

Did you ever go to Public School 45, in Twenty-fourth street? Thomas Foulke was the principal, and how he could use the rattan on your hands! Did you ever pull your hair away quick and make him strike his own legs?

I also remember Lamartine place and Lamartine Hall, Twenty-ninth street and Eighth avenue, whence the Orangemen started on the march down the avenue during the Orange riots. Also Fitzroy place, Twenty-eighth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, where the late Judge Randolph P. Martine lived as a boy.

E. H. VAN DOORN, NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.

Notable Places.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Your correspondent "Fertest Three" is mistaken in regard to the hotel at which the Prince of Wales was a guest when in this city. It was the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and not the London. The Russian Prince or Grand Duke was a guest of the Clarendon, Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street. Most of the notable places of old New York have been mentioned by your correspondents, and yet I should like to tell you of one place, a chop house in Third street, just west of Broadway, which reminded me of the London Inns which Dickens has often described. What chops, steaks and roast beef we did get, to say nothing about the ale and stout. I remember that one of the London Inns which Dickens has often described. What chops, steaks and roast beef we did get, to say nothing about the ale and stout. I remember that one of the London Inns which Dickens has often described. What chops, steaks and roast beef we did get, to say nothing about the ale and stout.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.

Barnum's.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: In taking a retrospect of days gone by I can close my eyes and see in a dream the realization of my first impressions of stage life in the '60s, when I went to Barnum's Museum and saw many dramatizations of Mrs. Southworth's stories played among them "The Hidden Hand," "The Doom of De Arville," "The Maiden's Vow" (a thrill a minute). My heart goes bumpity-bump when I think of them.

Mrs. J. J. Prior and Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, were in the cast, and who remembers those glowing plays, the glowing colors of the entire edifice of the building, advertising the Biblical play "Joseph and his Brethren"? Oh, what a fascination the little stage door had for me. There seemed to be a halo above the entrance where the actors and actresses passed in and out. Purdon was going from the sublime to the ridiculous. I was in the lecture room when Mr. Barnum introduced that great freak of nature called "The What Is It," which at that time was the sensation of the day. I was a girl in the days, but the picture is just as vivid in my mind as if it were yesterday.

ONE OF THE OLD ONES, WEST NEW BRITTON, JANUARY 13.

Mechanics Institute School.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Going to Brooklyn on Christmas Day to visit grandchildren I looked down from the platform of the Third avenue elevated at Chambers street on the big hole from which the steel columns are sprouting heavenward like the ribs of a giant. But the Mechanics Institute School had been and in which I

My school days ended there, for boylike at 14 I thought I knew it all, and have been finding out ever since how mistaken I was. I could not find the building with the boys on the top floor, the girls on the second, Mr. Snook, the architect, on the first, and the woman who sold the penny pie in the basement. Benjamin Mason was the principal, and Tracy and Metcalf assistants. The system of education was simple. We were well grounded in the three R's, and the well frilled I recited the singing lesson once a week when Professor Andrews came, and with violin and voice trained us for the school exhibition at the Broadway Tabernacle.

I wonder if any of the old boys are still living who recollect Dick Ware, Abe and Frank Bassford, George Long, Dan Pentz, Gilbert Wright, the Karihs boys, Henry and Ed Heath, the Mayor Woodhull's son, who lived in Beekman street.

Would say to Mr. Kirkman's inquiry that while the school was closed Christmas was no festival day; no trees, no presents, and the Santa Claus came only on New Year's. NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.

The Grecian Bend.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: I am not able to give the words of "The Grecian Bend" for song for the reason of your correspondent "H. E. K." but I can give him a description of the famous "bend" in rhyme which was current at the time when women essayed to follow the ridiculous fashion as the proper mode of walking. And it fitted the performance exactly. It was:

Throw back your head, throw out your chest; Assume the form of a letter S; Like a kangaroo your arms extend— And there you have the Grecian bend.

And so you had to perfection. And what a ridiculous sight was a "Grecian bend" woman mincingly tripping along the street. M. T. WILMINGTON, Del., January 12.

Figures of the Past.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: I remember very well the great man of the strawberry woman that sold most delicious berries at three cents a basket, also when men, women, boys and girls sold radishes from door to door in the baskets, red and white, long and round, the long ones are never used now, and fine the short ones. I also remember raspberries of both sizes that

carried a bag on their backs and baskets on their arms, and with a long hooked poker picked the rasp from the gutter, and when the baskets were filled would rest the bag on the sidewalk and empty the contents of the basket in the bag. I also remember that men and women selling fluid and lamp oil had their customers' noses wet with the members the charcoal man that went about the streets crying "charcoal" in large black covered wagons with the name of the owner printed in white? I recall one Thomas Shields. The charcoal was used in small clay and iron furnaces for ironing, and charcoal makes a very hot fire. Let any other make that if he can.

ANOTHER OLD TIMER, NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.

Old Nations.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: "Old New Yorker" speaks of Mehl's hat store at Canal street and Broadway. It was Mehl's. He asks if any one recalled Windhurst's. He must mean Windust's famous restaurant in Park row, nearly opposite where the Post Office is now. Over the entrance to the restaurant was "Nunquam non paratut." There was a waiter named Daniel Webster and other bright light lights to dine in the '60s. Three old saloons of the late '60s and early '70s are still going, Brogan's in Fulton street, Cobweb Hall in Duane street and McSorley's in Seventh street. They are worth visiting, and have many of the old prints on the walls and sawdust on the floor.

H. E. K., NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.

The Rialto and Rachel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Will some old New Yorker explain the term Rialto as applied to that portion of the city used as a promenade by the theatrical profession? Also are there any old timers who remember Rachel and her marvelous performances, especially her wonderful rendering of the "Marseillaise"? A. U. NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.

Excelsior 14.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Are there any of the old members or runners of 14 Hose of West Thirtieth street, Excelsior 14, who remember Gus Woodward, Clarence Levey and George Wright, who rescued some children about 1965 from the top floor of a house opposite the fire house one Saturday afternoon? It was about five a piece of daring work as I ever saw in my life, and would reflect credit on the fire heroes of to-day's Excelsior 14.

CHARLES W. LEIGHT, NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.

'Tis Sixty Years Since.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Kindly permit me to ask the old New Yorkers of sixty years ago if they remember Mozart Hall, Egyptian Museum, Chinese Assembly Rooms, Dusseldorf Gallery, Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, Clinton Hall Pond in the Five Points, Hope Chapel, Lovejoy's Hotel and Tammany Hall sixty years ago? P. J. K. NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.

Hoboken Memories.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Ye old New Yorkers, why don't you tell us of the days when some of the elite took their summer vacations at Vollmer's Hotel, Hoboken, and their salt water baths at Lyons, Jersey City, and the Hoboken Yacht Club house at Hoboken. Vollmer was known to the gourmards for his same dinners, given every Sunday.

Knickerbockers and Empires played baseball every Sunday, alternating on their leased grounds in the Elysian Fields. The great ball game between the Mutuals and Atlantics on their Elysian Field grounds, when they only played for a gold or silver ball. Fifteen thousand fans were at this game, paying ten cents for admission. This was the last big game played in Hoboken on account of the riots caused the gangs from New York having broken down the ferry gate, turnstiles and robbed the ferry mase. Yes, and when New Yorkers came to Hoboken to enjoy the country, the riding club in this part of the country headed by Mrs. Colonel Van Amberg of civil war fame.

P. W., NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.

Churches in the Early '40s.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: I have very little reference to the West Side downtown churches in the early '40s. Dr. Chapin's Universalist Church, corner of Murray and Church streets; Dr. Mason's church in Murray street near Greenwich street; the building taken down and replaced by the new building, the Presbyterian church at Duane and Church streets; old Duane Methodist Church near Greenwich street; the colored Methodist church, corner of Leonard and Church streets; the French Episcopal church, corner of Leonard and Church streets; the Dutch Reformed Church on the same block in Franklin street; the Episcopal church in Anthony street near Broadway; the Broadway Tabernacle between Leonard and Anthony streets; Vestry Street Methodist Church; the Laight Street Baptist Church; the Presbyterian church at Canal and Greene streets; the Methodist church in Greene street near Broome; the Dutch Reformed Church, corner of Broome and Greene streets; the Presbyterian church, corner of Grand and Crosby streets.

I could go further up town and tell you of others that have gone, but will name no one other than the above. The Catholic Church are the only ones remaining on their original sites. Spring Street Presbyterian Church is still flourishing and in May will celebrate its centennial. JAY STREET, NEW YORK, JANUARY 13.

Rapid Transit in Shipplaster Time.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: The rebellious